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BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SIGILMAN

Ettor and Giovannitti

Before the Jury

AT

Salem, Massachusetts

NOVEMBER 23, 1912



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THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD,

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CHICAGO, ILL.



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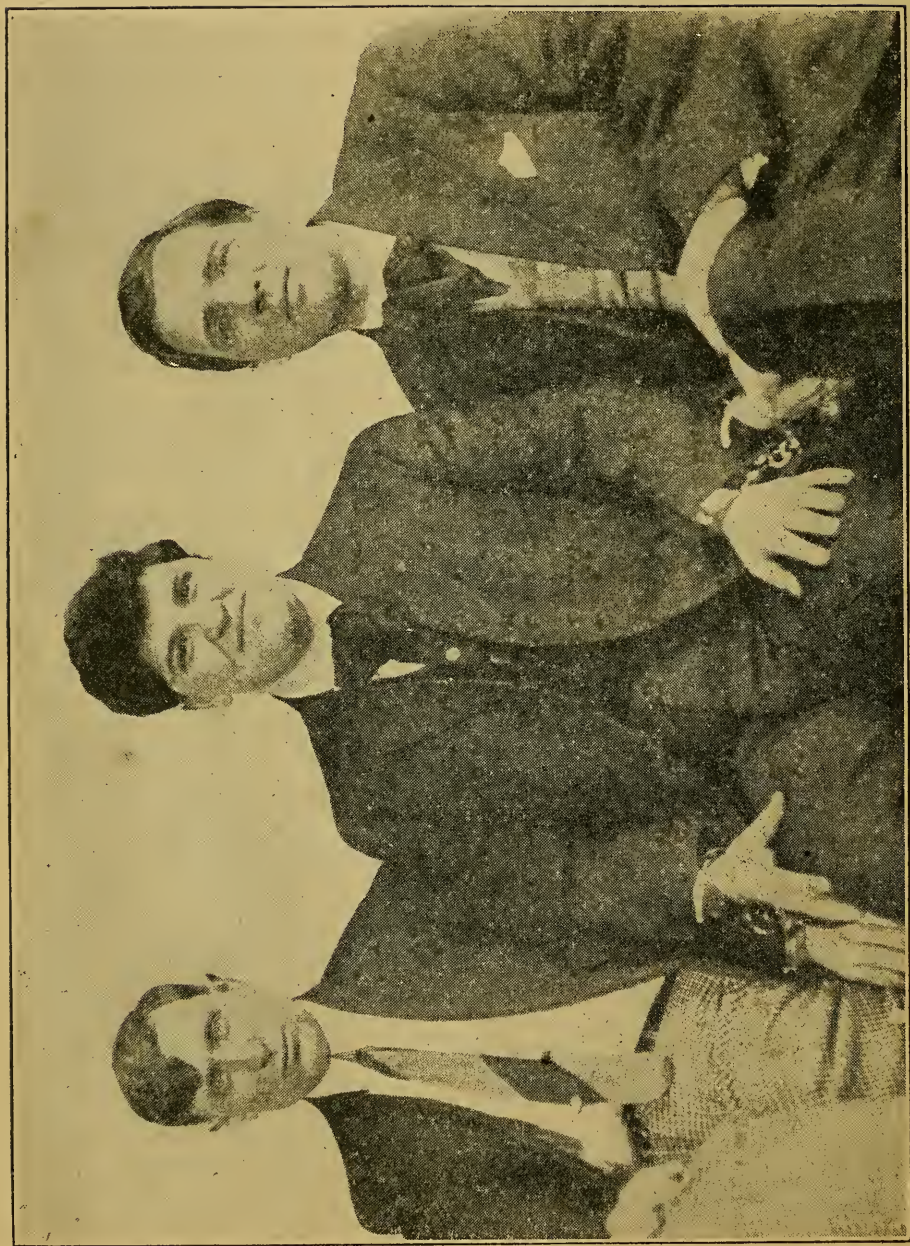
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CARUSO

ETTOR

GIOVANNITTI

Introduction

The trial of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso came to a close on November 26th, 1912, at Salem, Mass. This trial will go down in history as one of the longest and most bitterly contested trials in the History of the Labor World. The acquittal of the three defendants marked another milestone in the progress towards working-class emancipation.

Ettor and Giovannitti were arrested at Lawrence, Mass., in January, 1912, during the great Textile Strike. They were charged with being "accessories before the fact" to murder. It was held that they had inflamed the minds of the workers with inflammatory speeches to the point, that they, the workers, had rioted and killed Anna LoPizzi, a young Italian striker. Caruso was charged with being one of the principals. The real principal, the State named as Scutio, was charged with having actually fired the shot that killed the girl. Scutio has never been ap-

prehended and it is generally claimed among the strikers that no such person ever existed.

To make the charge of "accessory before the fact" one that can be legally prosecuted, it is necessary to have a principal, so Caruso was hounded by detectives, discharged from four different jobs in the mills of Lawrence to make him a "fugitive from justice," and was finally arrested two months after Ettor and Giovanitti, and charged with being a principal.

In this memorable case, three weeks were consumed in securing a jury. Over five hundred veniremen were challenged or escaped duty for one cause or another, chiefly for being opposed to the death penalty. The actual trial, beginning with taking of evidence, lasted over five weeks. The prosecution relied almost wholly on the testimony of private detectives, city police, state police, militiamen and the paid tools and thugs of the capitalist class.

Against this array of capitalist tools, were the workers who had nothing to gain by telling falsehoods; who were proud of their

fighting union and more so of the fact, that in the face of this legalized band of paid tools, they had wrenched from the American Woolen Co., a fifteen per cent raise of wages throughout the Textile Industry of the New England States, amounting to over fifteen million dollars a year. Not only were the defendants on trial for their lives, but the I. W. W. was on trial.

Ettor and Giovannitti had been arrested charged with an offense that was unbailable, to keep them from leading the workers to victory. The I. W. W. was to be smashed if possible, because it opposed the present capitalist regime. The Preamble and Constitution of the I. W. W. were brought into evidence as well as many books, pamphlets and the official papers of the organization.

The District Attorney appealed to every prejudice that a New England juryman might have, patriotism, religion and home. He stated that the defendants would even rob the workers of their little homes. It was only after a bitter speech by the District Attorney teeming with falsehoods and appeals to prejudice, that the defendants,

Ettor and Giovannitti, insisted (against the advice of their own counsel) on addressing the jury. Needless to say the addresses of Ettor and Giovannitti served to take the sting out of the day and a half speech of the District Attorney, and placed them above their blood-thirsty enemies, mentally and morally.

The National Headquarters of the I. W. W., in order to serve a growing demand for the speeches in full, takes this opportunity of placing them before the Workers of the World, with the hope that the words of the defendants may inspire others to higher thoughts and nobler deeds and thus hasten the day when human happiness will be placed above the dollar or a yard of cloth, when the workers shall enjoy the full product of their toil.

NOTE: The jury, after deliberating five hours, brought in a verdict of "NOT GUILTY" for the three defendants.

JOSEPH J. ETTOR.

The name of Joseph J. Ettor is now heard throughout the land. It is on the lips of workingmen and women in the remotest parts of the country. It is indissolubly connected with the great Lawrence strike, and the industrial revolt in New England which began there. It is a name that is destined to become famous in conjunction with the attempt of reactionary capitalism to kill revolutionary unionism by means of the infamous legal doctrine of "accessory before the fact to murder"—a doctrine from which even despotic Russia is free.

Despite the widespread use and the historic connection of his name, despite the fame which posterity is likely to bestow upon him, little, very little is known of Joseph J. Ettor, the man. The question is accordingly often asked: Who is Joseph J. Ettor? What is his personality like, anyhow? How did he become so well known? These questions are well put. Any innocent labor leader whom it is desired to put to death in the interests of capitalism and according to its most oppressive legal perver-

sions, is a man of merit and worthy of intimate working class acquaintance.

Joseph J. Ettor is a native of the United States. His parents are Italian. He is slightly over 26 years of age, and unmarried. Though short and stocky, he walks with the quick, nimble step of a woman. His hair is black and flowing. His eyes are dark brown, his cheeks fat and rosy. His whole manner is open, candid and boyish. His attire, at best, with his big soft hat worn jauntily on one side and his big flowing windsor tie and natty blue suit is suggestive of the prosperous bourgeoisie or the artistic Bohemian—though Ettor is neither of these, being sound and substantial in all respects.

A CHILD OF THE WEST.

Ettor has lived most of his life in the west. In addition to the audacious, quick-witted, enthusiastic temperament inherited from his Latin ancestors, the west has given him practical fortitude, and an indomitable spirit. There is nothing absolutely volatile and effervescent about Ettor. His is a light and gay spirit united with many sturdy

qualities, both of head and heart. He is an energetic, bright, courageous young man of ideals.

Ettor's birthplace is Brooklyn, N. Y. Few things but churches, graveyards and bed-chambers are known of Brooklyn. But it has within its confines, some of the biggest industrial trusts and plants in the country, and now it can claim the honor of having been the city in which this modern labor leader first opened his eyes. Ettor was not allowed to enjoy the sight long. His parents left funereal and somnolent Brooklyn shortly after he was born. They migrated westward. His father, a laborer, was in Chicago during the great eight-hour strikes of 1886. He was in Haymarket square on the night of the bomb throwing. He was struck in the back with a brick during one of the many melees attending this epoch-making period in the history of the American labor movement. The youngster, Joe, as he is fondly called by those nearest to him, often heard his father recount the foregoing incidents. "The old man," as Joe affectionately refers to him, "was proud to be a striker in those

stirring times." It was from his father that Joseph J. Ettor first imbibed revolutionary spirit.

AN EMERGENCY MAN.

We next hear of Ettor on the Pacific Coast. Miss Jane A. Roulston writes of him: "When I first knew Ettor in San Francisco, he was hardly more than a child, a big fat boy. The Industrial Workers of the World brought us together. My first impressions of him are as to his capability for quick action, practical expedient action, without premeditation. I remember his writing a resolution in a few minutes, which would have taken the rest of us several hours of thought, and his resolution was just right, though perhaps not perfectly grammatical.

"In many cases he showed great presence of mind in sudden crises. He is essentially an emergency man.

"After the earthquake of 1906, the I. W. W. men lived together in a tent; Joe was made organizer. Although other labor was well paid, the debris workers who were

many, worked for a mere pittance. Ettor organized them. He DISAPPEARED. We had some trouble finding him, as the prisons were shaken down and the authorities were using makeshifts of all kinds. At last we found him in one of them. He had been secretly arrested with one companion on the ridiculous charges of threatening some boss's life, and prevented from communicating with his organization. We got him out. The case never came up; there was no case, in fact.

“During the early days of the earthquake season, I mean while the city was in a state of fear and excitement, though the quake was over, we used to hold large street meetings, several men tried to make trouble by starting little personal fights. Joe ‘spotted’ them at once and gave warning; but at last they did get up a little row and one of THEM fell through a large expensive glass window of an adjoining store. Joe at once jumped on the box, called the crowd around him, called off OUR men and so explained the trouble in such clear terse language (calling also for witnesses from outsiders)

that the affair was never referred to and the glass was replaced early the next morning (Sunday, too). It was not replaced by the owners of the store, either."

This youthful beginning of an eventful career is typical. Ettor has repeatedly been arrested for his resourcefulness and courage in the interest of the working class.

EXPERIENCED ORGANIZER.

While in Frisco, Ettor was employed as an iron worker in the shipyard of the city. He left the Golden Gate City some four years ago to travel up and down the Pacific Coast as an organizer of the I. W. W. In this capacity, Ettor visited mining, lumber and railroad construction camps and became acquainted at first hand with the rigorous capitalist exploitation and oppression prevailing in them. He is familiar, from practical experience, with the company police, company stores, blacklist, stockades and other methods used by the big corporations to keep their wage workers in slavery. He has been forced more than once to leave on threat of being killed and often at the point

of a gun. Many tales does he tell of meetings of miners held in secret, frustrated by spotters, of how, when employed in a mine or a lumber camp, he was often discovered and discharged unceremoniously. Ettor doesn't know the class struggle because he talks it; he talks it because he knows it.

Ettor was active in the big strike in Schwab's steel works at South Bethlehem, Pa. In company with Joseph Schmidt he called big mass meetings, inaugurated mass picketing, introduced tactics that defeated the state constabulary, the Cossacks, so-called, in their attempts to ride down and break up the ranks of the strikers, thereby turning what looked as a disastrous defeat into the promises of a victory. The A. F. of L. stepping in and organizing the industry according to crafts, Ettor and Schmidt withdrew and the strike ended in failure.

The big strike at Westmoreland, Pa., was also one of the many scenes of Ettor's activity. Here two mounted Cossacks, smarting under his condemnation of the brutality of the state constabulary, rode toward him in a menacing manner, when Ettor warned

them to keep their places. Said he to them, "I am speaking here within my constitutional rights. I know my rights and possess the determination and the backing of my organization to maintain them. I defy you to interfere with me." The Cossacks were cowed; they kept their hands off of Ettor.

Ettor has also labored in the anthracite regions and is well known in Scranton and vicinity. He is a danger to the coal trust when at liberty. This is an additional reason why he was imprisoned.

Some of Ettor's methods were employed in the Brooklyn shoe workers' strike, where he next became known. The mass meeting and the mass action were here invoked with good results. Ettor would urge all hands out on the picketing line, and like a true leader, he goes where he urges his followers to go. He was foremost on the picketing line, encouraging the men, indicating to them how best to conserve their interests, with a camera under his arm taking snapshots of incidents, showing the lineup between masters and men. At the mass meetings he utilized the various phases of the

strike to drive home their economic significance. He showed, for instance, that industrial development had created the leather trust, the shoe machinery trust and the Shoe Manufacturers' Association, all united by financial ties into one big organization in opposition to the interests of the shoe workers; that the shoe workers must organize on similar lines; that they could no longer divide into crafts, but must organize as their industry is organized. To the cutter, finisher, turn-worker, etc., must be united the engineer, fireman and teamster employed by the firm or corporation. Ettor on one occasion taking up the various national, religious and other devices by which the workers are divided by the bosses, said in part:

“In the shop there is no flag.

“In the shop there is no religion.

“In the shop there is no party.

“In the shop there is no nation.

“In the shop there is only work and workers.

“In the shop the workers must get together on the basis of their work and attack their exploiters.

“In capitalism, all over the world, there are only two nations, the workers and the capitalists. Your place is with the workers and in the Industrial Workers of the World.”

On another occasion he said: “You cannot make shoes without shoemakers. Your shoe factories may be ever so well built and stocked. Your machinery may be of the very latest kind. You may have the best brains in the world directing your plant. Still you cannot make shoes. To make shoes requires shoe workers. It is the shoemakers who make your plant productive, who give value to your stock and who make your executive ability profitable. The shoe workers are the shoe industry, and to them should the whole industry belong. We want not only more wages, but industrial control.”

These are samples of Ettor’s “incendiary speeches.”

DOGGED BY PINKERTONS.

Ettor is an object of Pinkertonian persecution. They dog his steps day and night, yet Ettor is not bitten by the Pinkerton

maggot. He does not see a Pinkerton in everybody who disagrees with him or acts in a manner detrimental to the interests of the working class. This is well reflected in an incident that occurred in the Brooklyn shoe workers' strike. A Jewish fitter was accused of having betrayed his fellow employes to the boss, and on his appearance at one of the meetings, there were cries of "Throw him out of the window. He's a Pinkerton." Ettor refused to allow such a thing to occur. He said, "Boys, let's hear what the lad has to say for himself. Give him a show to be heard. And if he makes good, we'll forget what he has done." Accordingly the man was heard, and though his confession was damaging and he expressed contrition, he was permitted to attend the meetings and take his place in the ranks. Though often dogmatic, even a boss, as the circumstances may require, Ettor is none the less a tolerant and broadminded leader of men.

Ettor's next appearance in the class struggle was at Lawrence. Lawrence is too recent to need much re-telling. Even the capitalist press admit that Ettor was a factor for the

preservation of peace on his appearance on the scene. The Brooklyn "Tablet," a Catholic paper, says of Ettor, describing his activities at the time referred to: "He had a personality that was winning in its way. He spoke English and Italian fluently. He soon had all the active spirits in the strike believing in him, absolutely and ready to do his slightest bidding." Such is the man who helped to defeat the woolen trust and to inaugurate an industrial revolt in New England, resulting in wage increase amounting, according to various estimates, from five to fifteen million dollars annually, not to mention the improved conditions also introduced.



JOSEPH J. ETTOR

ADDRESS OF THE DEFENDANT ETTOR TO THE JURY.

MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
JURY:

I realize full well that there has been a good deal of talk and that the suggestion in your mind is, as the District Attorney has intimated, and with which I will agree, that my defense has been able to procure the best minds as far as law is concerned that this county can offer.

For my part, I have not been tried on my acts. I have been tried here because of my social ideals. Gentlemen, I make no threats. But history does, and history records things, with little variation here and there, but nothing can efface the fact that because of my political and social views I am brought here to the bar. I am impelled to speak because of that fact, and nothing else. My attorneys have done well in presenting to you the case as far as the evidence is concerned on a matter of law.

I want to reply to the Distirct Attorney and say that if his conception of wealth is what he has explained this morning, then

all the political economists, all the thinkers, all the men and women who have racked their brains to study the social question, have absolutely no effect. They have created no impression.

Think of it! Social wealth is that which is left over! My social views are that the working class produces everything that there is. In order to produce wealth, machinery nowadays and the implements of production are not used by one individual. They are used by a class. They are not owned by that class but they are owned by a class that is unable to operate them, but has workers to operate them on a wage basis.

Mr. Attwill has been somewhat worried that when we do away with the wage system people won't be able to get along because they might have clamshells. I want to state frankly to you twelve gentlemen, my views have been brought into this case, and the arguments and the evidence have been all along because of the relation to my views. The District Attorney has argued that you were to draw certain inference

from what I said, not because I said it, but because I held certain views.

In other words, because I hold the views that all wealth is the product of labor and therefore should belong to labor, it follows, according to his argument, that I am in favor of destroying property. I stated on the stand that I believe all property is social property.

I haven't in mind, gentlemen of the jury, a tooth brush or pipes or anything of that kind. I have in mind machines. I have in mind railroads. I have in mind the things that are necessary to the world and what the world of labor produces and uses should belong to the world of labor.

I stated on the stand that if the working class with a policy of violence destroys any of those machines or any of that property, when it comes into possession of its own it will have that much less.

The District Attorney would have you believe that I had no right to come here to Massachusetts. He will not infer that I was a foreigner. He knows different. But my comrade, Giovannitti here is a foreigner,

and you didn't want him to come from Italy and give us any lessons. And this boy here, who neither reads nor writes, is supposed to be from Italy—one of the inflammable—one of the material that I applied the match to and the magazine went off.

He has appealed to you about Massachusetts and her history and her traditions, and he has told you in his opening that he was born in New England and that throughout he has become imbued with the New England ideals. May I not refresh his mind concerning New England, and particularly Massachusetts, in relation to the foreigners? Away back in the days of the Revolutionary War two foreigners came to this country among many others—Pulaski and Kosciuszko, two Polocks.

And those two foreigners, among the many that came to Massachusetts, offered their lives and gave freely of their blood.

We have heard here from the District Attorney and from the various testimony offered here by policemen: "Who was in the crowd?" "Foreigners." "How could you tell they were foreigners?" Well, they

sized them up. In two minutes they counted six and seven hundred, and a thousand, and two thousand.

The District Attorney here has argued that probably there is a desire on the part of somebody to take down the Stars and Stripes and place on the municipal buildings and everywhere the flag of anarchy and Socialism. The New England bard, Longfellow, sang and pleaded that the two foreigners who gave their blood and who offered their energy and who offered their life to the freedom of this country should have the flag that floated over Bunker Hill wrapped around their bodies.

The District Attorney believed, or rather, is dubious that I do not know the traditions of Massachusetts or of this country. He has intimated that whether I do or not is of little or no consequence. But in my exercise of a constitutional right to speak freely I didn't speak to chosen people. I didn't speak probably to the District Attorney or I didn't speak probably to people to whom he would have me speak. But in the exercise

of my constitutional right I spoke to foreigners.

Now, as I understand my rights, as far as free speech is concerned, I have the right to speak freely and to air my views. I have a right to cry out in the night, as I did in Lawrence, and point out that human beings were outraged; that human life had been reduced down to the point where it was an impossibility for it to work any longer and expect to live.

I didn't understand when I read the constitution—I never understood when I went to school—in all of my experience I never yet have understood, and it is a novelty to me to understand from the District Attorney that I somehow become guilty of a crime—and what? I become guilty of murdering my sister because I spoke to strikers who were not born in this country. That is one of the counts.

Now, gentlemen, I am accused of murder, and it is said that I become guilty of that murder by a series of circumstances—by my action, says the District Attorney, by my speeches and by insinuations and innuen-

does; that when I smiled that was a suggestion for somebody to go out and get a shotgun or do some work of that nature.

I want to leave this matter to you. I came to the city of Lawrence, as I told you on the stand. I knew the conditions of the laboring people of Lawrence, and I knew the condition of the laboring people of this Commonwealth. And I say it is not a question of the Commonwealth in this matter. The shame and the blotch does not fall upon the Commonwealth. It is not a matter of the Commonwealth's defending itself at all. It is simply a question that the capitalists of Massachusetts have taken human beings and reduced them to so many appendages of machines.

I came here knowing the conditions of those men and women. It is true I had no relative. It is true I had no property here. But I had interests here that are dearer to me than all blood relations, than all property. I had brothers and sisters here who called for me to come and give what aid I was able to give, and I came.

As I told you on the stand, I came with a definite purpose. I came with a determination that I would give all that I could, that I would offer all of my energy and that I would offer all of my enthusiasm and that I would give all of my love, that I would sing to those workers that they may be able to obtain more bread.

And I told them in that meeting that I knew what the situation was and that I knew from past experience how they had been outraged, and I knew further in the past troubles between labor and capital how each side behaved. I said then that whatever blood is spilled in this strike it will be on the heads of the mill owners. It will be they who have provoked this strike, because they refused to live up to the spirit of the law—because they schemed and connived and conspired in order that the law may have the very opposite effect from the intention of those who advocated, agitated, and went forward in the hearing and in the Legislature that it might pass.

What is the result? That the strike was to be discredited, and dynamite is planted

in the city of Lawrence—planted not by strikers. I was the one man—and I do not say this in a boasting spirit—that exposed the entire plan. I knew what it meant, and subsequent events proved beyond a doubt that as far as the strikers were concerned it was merely a plan to provoke the citizens of that city, as the citizens elsewhere, to a spirit of opposition against the strikers.

We next have the evidence gone through here, more or less. Sometimes they differ on the date one way or the other, but the facts stand there as so many rocks, and all the words of the District Attorney cannot shove them away or have any effect upon them.

A parade is organized. The District Attorney says that you have a right to infer that we did not have a lawful object, that it was not a lawful parade. But all the evidence here is that it was a lawful parade, and that we had the best objects in the world.

But street cars were smashed, and the District Attorney says that they were smashed all about one time and it covered an area of about a mile and a half. There

is no evidence here of any such contention. The street cars were smashed and I made the statement on that morning that my information was that the street cars had been smashed and it was a plant in the same way that the dynamite hoax was a plant; that it was a put-up job in order to discredit the strikers, in order that the strikers might have public feeling arrayed against them. I don't know whether the honorable justice will allow me to make this statement.

The COURT: You may continue.

DEFENDANT ETTOR: I also made the statement after the shooting of the woman that I was satisfied that that was a job and that in time we would prove it. And I say, gentlemen, as I proved to every man in the city of Lawrence, as I proved to every man in Massachusetts, that the mill interests planted dynamite in order to discredit the strikers. They planted dynamite that was dangerous to life. They didn't hesitate.

So I would have proved that the street cars were smashed by the thugs and *agents provocateurs* of the mill owners. And I would have proved that my sister, Anna Lo

Pizzi, the sister of Caruso and the sister of Giovannitti and the sister of every striker in the city of Lawrence, was murdered by the agents of the mill owners.

It has been stated here that we had riots. Gentlemen, I am also accused of making speeches. The District Attorney said that he didn't want to worry you about too many witnesses. Yet he did not hesitate to bring thirty witnesses here, starters, conductors and motormen, or those in relation to the street cars. But how many newspaper men did he bring? He brought three or four.

He brought one here who was a personal enemy of mine. He brought another who was under my suspicion. My speech had, so to speak, made a shoe that fitted his feet, and he came to me and said, "Mr. Ettor, in connection with the dynamite do you suspicion me and my paper?" They brought him here. They brought Toye here, who admits that he cannot remember what I said before a certain sentence nor afterwards, but he does remember that sentence.

Why didn't they bring every newspaper man that was on station in the city of

Lawrence? Mr. Peters has stated the reason: They had to be relegated to the rear. They might make statements here that would not prove the contention of the District Attorney and the rest of the gentlemen who have been here at his back.

I did make speeches, but, gentlemen, I am responsible fully for what I said and not partially for what I said. And for every speech, if they were presented to you in full, I would raise my hand—only as a figure of speech, because the District Attorney may say that I didn't raise my hand, as it were—but I will give you my word that I will take my pledge that if the District Attorney had offered here my complete speeches I would have said, "Yes, sir, I did make those speeches."

But the District Attorney—he could have furnished my speeches. Gentlemen, there were plenty of detectives in the city of Lawrence. There were plenty of them around with pencil and paper to take down my speeches. But here is the District Attorney, who wants to know, Did I say such and such a sentence, or to that effect. I said be-

fore, and I repeat it, I am willing to stand fully responsible for every word I said in full, but not for parts.

No man who speaks in public, no man who makes speeches, can be held responsible for parts of his speeches. If you were to adopt that policy, gentlemen, there is not a politician, there is not a public man today that would be out of jail, because if you take their speeches apart every one of you can find something or another that you don't like or that you think would mean harm or had done harm or something of that nature.

I call your attention again to the statement that I was the one who incited people there. The Mayor of the city of Lawrence, a law-abiding citizen, made a public statement that "We will either break this strike or break the strikers' heads." Is it possible that only the strikers understand inciting speeches? Isn't that an inciting speech? Is it not reasonable for me to argue that the police who went on the corner of Garden and Union Street on that night went with the thought expressed by Mayor Scanlon, "Break this strike or break the strikers'

heads''? These police went there with a full knowledge in their minds that they were safe, that they were armed with the authority of the law, they could do those things and they did not stop at any little niceties. But, just as they expressed themselves or as Mr. Spranger expressed it, they knocked a head wherever it bobbed up.

I have only one or two more statements. The Bencordo boys followed me along, according to their own admission. They were looking for something. What do they find? What do they find? They found "wild animals" on my comrade, Giovannitti. They followed me in the parade. They followed me everywhere. They were looking for anarchists. They were looking for bad men. They were looking for gunmen. They were looking for everything and anything that they thought was against the law.

Think of it! Young Bencordo and the elder Bencordo, the saviours of the traditions of Massachusetts, the upholders of law, the upholders of order! They were the agents of the mill owners in the city of Lawrence to provoke trouble. And I say, gen-

tle men, is it not reasonable for me to argue that, if the mill owners of the city of Lawrence, when a law for the benefit of the workers was passed, conspired that its effect might not be for the benefit of the workers and afterward had dynamite planted in the city of Lawrence to discredit the strikers, and hired detectives to work and move among the strikers, that these detectives certainly could not hope to keep their job or to keep on the pay-roll of the mill owners or make reports unless there was trouble?

I ask you, is it not reasonable that they should make all the trouble possible in order to stay on the pay-roll and make the necessary impression on the mill owners that there was a necessity for them to be on the job? And if they did hire these men and these men did move among the strikers, is it not reasonable to argue, gentlemen, that these men would not hesitate for a moment to break car windows and create riots?

Do you believe for a moment that it is unreasonable to argue that, if they did these things, if they brought workers from Poland and if they brought workers from Italy

and then put them in the mills and exploited them and then violated the spirit of the law, and when the workers went out on strike planted dynamite in their homes and then sent around *agents provocateurs* in their ranks, these mill owners would not hesitate at all or would not have any scruples if their agents provoked a riot and then shot into the crowd in order to lay the blame upon the shoulders that under the conditions it would reasonably fall?

In a riot when a strike is on, as far as the public is concerned, the blame naturally falls, it inevitably falls on the shoulders of the strikers. And in Lawrence it has been only one of the cases where we have been able to prove that, although at first it fell on the shoulders of the strikers, it was really the work of the mill owners.

Gentlemen, since my views in my organization have been brought into this argument, I want to state this: that my organization has made it a practice to allow men in the past to express their views as they understood them. Now, what are my social views? I have stated some of them. I do

believe—I may be wrong, but, gentlemen, only history can pass judgment upon them. All wealth is the product of labor, and all wealth being the product of labor belongs to labor and to no one else.

I know the District Attorney is weary and worried about what is going to happen to the little home or to the little savings of the working man who has saved and scraped around and managed somehow or another to put aside a few dollars. He knows full well that my social ideas have little or no relation to the working man who worked in the shoe shop or to the working man who worked on a building, or to the operative in a mill who was able to put a hundred dollars aside and then fifty dollars aside, and so on, and get a shanty in some place. He knows that my social ideas are bigger than the proposition to take away the home of the operative who has saved fifty cents here and a dollar there and seventy-five cents somewhere else.

He knows that my social views have no relation to the little property owner, but my social views have a relation so far as society is concerned. A railroad is operated by the

workers. It is made possible only because there are people living in this country, and according to that argument we insist that the railroad should belong to the people of this country and not to the railroad owners, who are mere coupon clippers.

And that principle applies to the textile industry, to the shoe industry and to every industry. It does not apply to the tooth brush or to the pipe nor to the little shanty the working man is able to erect by scraping and gouging somehow or other.

I want to state further, gentlemen, that whatever my social views are, as I stated before, they are what they are. They cannot be tried in this courtroom. With all respect to you, gentlemen, and with all respect to everyone here, they cannot be tried in this courtroom. It has been tried before. Away back thousands of years the trick was tried that man's views could be brought into a courtroom or brought before the king or brought before somebody in authority and that judgment could be passed. And in those days they said, "The only way we can settle these new ideas is, first, send them to the

cross;" then, "Send them to the gallows," then to the guillotine, and to the rope.

And I want to know, does Mr. Attwill believe for a moment that, beginning with Spartacus, whose men were crucified for miles along the Appian Way, and following with Christ, who was adjudged an enemy of the Roman social order, and put on the cross—does he believe for a moment that the cross or the gallows or the guillotine, the hangman's noose, ever settled an idea? It never did.

If the idea can live it lives, because history adjudges it right. And what has been considered an idea constituting a social crime in one age, has in the next age become the very religion of humanity. The social criminals of one age have become the saints of the next.

The District Attorney talks to you about Massachusetts. Sixty years ago, gentlemen—seventy years ago—the respectable mob—not the mob in the mills, but the respectable mob, the well-dressed mob—dragged the propagandists and the agents of a new social order and a new idea through the streets

of Boston, and the members of that same respectable mob now—now that the ideas of Wendell Phillips have been materialized into something, now that the ideas of Garrison and the rest have been proven of value, the offspring of that social mob rises up and says, “The traditions of Massachusetts.”

Gentlemen, the traditions of Massachusetts have been made by those who made it and not those who speak of it. John Brown was hanged and the cry went up, “A social criminal”—not even that dignity to him—just a criminal. Within two years the youngest and the noblest, the strongest that this nation could offer, were marching through the fields of this country singing:

“John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the
grave,

But his soul goes marching on.”

My ideas are what they are, gentlemen. They might be indicted and you might believe, as the District Attorney has suggested, that you can pass judgment and that you can choke them; but you can’t. Ideas can’t be choked.

I want to leave this matter to you with a few words. I came to the city of Lawrence feeling that I could be of some aid, that I could offer all the aid that was possible in me to secure more bread for twenty-five or thirty thousand textile workers. I did what I could. I did what I could, that is all.

If I didn't do any more it was because I couldn't do any more. I did the best I could. If you believe and you adopt the suggestion of Mr. Attwill I should not have come to Massachusetts, not because, as he intimated with regard to my comrade, Giovannitti, I am a foreigner, but because I came from New York.

If for a moment, gentlemen, you believe that I am responsible for the death of Anna Lo Pizzi, you only can *conjure* it by the insinuations that have been offered here by Mr. Attwill. But I want to say this: Since I was a boy and I could lift my voice for the cause that I thought right, I did. I not only dared to raise my voice, but I knew full well as I went along that raising my voice for my class meant the baring of my breast against the shafts of the opposition of the

monopolists and the capitalists of this country.

And as I have gone along I have raised my voice on behalf of men, women and children who work in the mines, who work in the mills and who work in the factories of this country; who daily offer their labor and their blood and even their lives in order to make possible the prosperity of this country.

I have carried the flag along. I have given cheer and hope and sang the workers on to be brave and go forward as men and women by demanding their rights. It may be possible, gentlemen, that because of the various outside things that have been introduced here, my social views, and so forth, you gentlemen believe that I am guilty of murder. If you do, of course I will pay the penalty. Don't worry about that.

I say to you, gentlemen, if you believe that I had any interest, that I had any desire, that I had any motive or knowledge in this death, then I offer no apology, I ask for no mercy, I offer no extenuations to you gentlemen. I talk to you as one man talks to

twelve others. If you believe that, then I hope that you won't come back here and say in words that will mean, "Mr. Ettor may be responsible, but Mr. Ettor has done so many things that are of worth and are noble and therefore we won't let him go, but we will shut him up so that it will be impossible for him to advance his social views any more."

Gentlemen, I know not what the instructions of this Court will be on that point, but whatever your feelings may be I plead with you—I have told you my views; they are the same as my comrade, Giovannitti, the same in general. We may disagree on a word here and there, but both of us, we state plainly, will give all that there is in us that this present society may be changed, that the present rule of wage labor on one side, producing all things and receiving only a part, and idle capitalists on the other, producing nothing and receiving most, may be abolished.

We say that in the past we have given the best that was in us that the workers may rally to their own standard and that they may organize and through their solidarity,

through their united efforts, they may from time to time, step to step, get close together and finally emancipate themselves through their own efforts that the mills and workshops of America may become the property of the workers of America and that the wealth produced in those workshops may be for the benefit of the workers of America.

Those have been our views. If we are set at liberty those will still be our views and those will be our actions. If you believe that we should not go out with those views, then, gentlemen, I ask you only one favor, and that is this—that you will place the responsibility full on us and say to the world that Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti, because of their social ideas, became murderers and murdered one of their own sister strikers, and you will by your verdict say plainly that we should die for it.

As I stated before, I have carried the flag. I carry it here today, gentlemen; the flag of liberty is here. I am willing to carry it just as long as it is necessary. But if you believe and if the District Attorney has been able to insinuate and argue you into the frame

of mind that I killed Anna Lo Pizzi or that I wanted anybody to kill Anna Lo Pizzi, or that I turned a finger that Anna Lo Pizzi or any other human being should be killed, then I will stand up with head erect, gentlemen, no apology to offer, no excuse to ask, I will accept your verdict and expect that you will say, "You have done what you did and now we have spoken."

I expect that if I have carried the flag along, if I have raised my voice, if I have bared my breast against the opposition, that I have done it long enough, and I want to plead with you that if I am guilty I want to pay the full price—full price; no half-way measure; the full price.

If twelve men in Essex County, chosen among the prominent citizens, among the ones who are available and can be enrolled on the list as jurors—if twelve men believe that I am guilty of murder and Comrade Giovannitti is guilty of murder, speaking for myself, I say to you that I would stand erect—and my comrade here just whispered to me, "Say it for both"—we will stand here and accept whatever your verdict may be.

I hope that whatever your views are you will decide clean cut one way or the other. If I am guilty—I tell you I am not a sentimentalist on those points; I believe in the death chair. Very well; if I am guilty I and my comrade Giovannitti will go there, with heads erect and the same song that we have lisped to our fellow workers in the field we will sing with cheer and gladness on our lips, and the flag that we have carried along and are carrying along if we have to drop it in the ditch we will drop it.

Gentlemen, I make no threat, but on the moment that we drop the flag because we have been loyal to our calls, hundreds of thousands of wage workers will pick up the flag of labor and carry it forward and cheer it on and sing its song until the flag of the working class shall wave freely and unfurled to the wind over the workshops of the world where free men and women will work and enjoy fully and without trammel the full products of their labor.

Gentlemen, those are my views, those are my feelings. If it is the last words I shall ever speak in life, I believe that I have been

true. Only history can decide as to whether they are right or wrong. I consider that I could not go out and stand with head erect and have people say to me, "Joe, Mr. Attwill attacked the principle that you hold dear and you did not defend it."

If these are the last words that I shall ever speak and I shall go—if you say death—with the happy thought that on the eve of it I did willingly announce to the world that my life is dedicated to my ideals and that the ideals that I have expressed to you on the stand do not mean danger to human life or the world's happiness. I shall go out, whichever way it comes—whether it is a case of death or a case of liberty—I shall go forward with that one thought in my mind and one satisfaction in my heart, that at the last moment I did pronounce to the world my views, and that I did announce that my idea is to work for the principles that I hold dear, and if I am allowed to work for them I will, and you gentlemen will be thankful.

If not—no idea was ever choked, it can't be choked, and this idea will not be choked.

On the day that I go to my death there will be more men and women who will know and ask questions. Millions of men and women will know and they will have a right to argue that my social ideals had as much the effect of determining your verdict as the facts, and more so in this case.

Gentlemen, as I stated before, I neither offer apology nor excuse. I ask for no favors. I ask for nothing but justice in this matter. That is all, nothing else. I ask for justice. And I believe that in asking I am not asking anything against what the District Attorney has called the ideals and the traditions of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts refused to give the apostles of abolition to the rule and to the lust of the cotton kings of the South. It refused to allow their blood to act as so much balm to the cuts and to the wounds of the cotton planters of the South. And I ask you now, are twelve men in this county in Massachusetts going to offer blood now in order that the wounds, in order that the cuts and the smarts that the mill owners of Lawrence suffered because of the strike may be assuaged in balm?

Gentlemen, it is up to you, and as I stated before, I have no fear of the result. I ask for no favor. I ask only for justice, and that is all my comrade Giovannitti asks, and that is all my comrade Caruso asks.

I thank you.

The COURT: Do the other defendants wish to address the jury?

ARTURO GIOVANNITTI.

Interlocked in the great Lawrence strike with the name of Joseph J. Ettor is that of Arturo Giovannitti. Ettor was the chief leader at the memorable and victorious textile struggle; Giovannitti the orator. To him fell the task of arousing enthusiasm, aiding and cementing the ranks and driving home the lessons and tactics of the hour among the Italians who were a prominent factor in the strike. And well adapted was Giovannitti for the task. Tall, robust, with a powerful voice, intense, earnest, incisive of speech, and a leonine manner, he made a forceful, rousing impression on his hearers. Nor was the knowledge derived from working class experience lacking; for Giovannitti's career in America has been typical of the proletarian struggle for existence under advanced capitalism, such as prevails here.

Giovannitti was a miner, bookkeeper and teacher before he became the editor of *Il Proletario*, and the Italian orator of the Lawrence strike. In the bowels of the earth, he wielded a pick in the coal mines of Canada; and he has slept and starved as an un-

employed worker in winter, on the benches of the parks of the city of New York. Giovannitti has traveled far, physically and mentally, only to learn those facts about capitalism that bring conviction and eloquence to the men in the movement destined to bring about its overthrow—the movement towards socialism, towards industrial democracy, and for the workers as against the shirkers.

Arturo Giovannitti is an American by experience, but an Italian by birth. Compo-basso, a city of 40,000 inhabitants in the province of Abruzzi, Italy, is now better known for his having been born there. Giovannitti has put it on the map. He is now 28 years of age. His family are liberals and socially well connected in the city of his birth. His father and elder brother are physicians; his younger brother a lawyer.

Together with his mother, they are very much interested in his case. His father desired to come to this country to aid in his son's defense, but filial regard caused Giovannitti to dissuade him from doing so, as he

wished to spare his aged parent the travel and pain attending such an event.

Giovannitti was educated in the university of his native city, and left there when 16 years of age to seek his fortune in this land of golden promises and brutal realities.

It was his profound sociological tendency that caused Giovannitti to drift to America 12 years ago. After knocking about at various jobs, he obtained employment in a coal mine in Canada nine years ago. It was in the Dominion that he got his first taste of modern industrialism on an advanced scale. Giovannitti, two years afterwards, secured a clerical position in Springfield, Mass. There he became a socialist. He was also very much interested in the protestant religion and preparing to enter the ministry, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in a seminary.

Shortly after, Giovannitti came to New York. Here he joined the Italian Socialist Federation. He was a member of the La Lotta Club (The "Struggle" Club). During the discussion between La Lotta Club and Circolo Socilista di Bassa Citta (Down-

town Socialist Club), Giovannitti became a convert to syndicalism and revolutionary action. While a member in La Lotta, he was engaged by the uptown branch of the Y. M. C. A., West 58th St., to deliver a religious talk. This led to a misunderstanding. He was regarded with distrust, though he was at this time without a home, without employment and was compelled to sleep in the parks in winter. Giovannitti did not live by selling his ideas. He is a man of conviction and willing to suffer for them. This incident in his own life was the cause of a poem by him entitled "The Blind Man," which has been very much admired.

It was at this time that Giovannitti became a bookkeeper in the city. Such was his interest in all matters of progress and science that his room on West 28th St. became the nightly meeting place of men of various nationalities interested in literary, artistic, political, economic and other questions. These nightly discussions broadened the intellectual horizon of Giovannitti.

Like many another I. W. W. speaker and organizer, Giovannitti is a polyglot. The I.

W. W. is a polyglot organization, that is, an organization in which all languages are represented. Giovannitti speaks English, Italian, French and Latin fluently, and has taught them all, the latter especially.

Three years ago Giovannitti became the editor of *Il Proletario*. He made it an organ of industrial unionism, and under his direction, it became a power among the Italian working class, and a means of bringing him into greater demand as a speaker and agitator. Among the Italians Giovannitti is regarded as a proletarian thinker, writer, poet and orator of no mean ability.

Giovannitti is not only highly regarded among the Italians in this country, but also in Italy. The May number of the *Almanacco de L'Internationale*" (The Almanac of the International), published at Parma, Italy, contains one of his poems in Italian entitled "*Il Bocciale*." The poem is prefaced by a note commendatory of Giovannitti's poetical powers and his devotion to the working class, especially at Lawrence.



ARTURO GIOVANNITTI

ADDRESS OF THE DEFENDANT GIOVANNITTI TO THE JURY.

MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
JURY:

It is the first time in my life that I speak publicly in your wonderful language, and it is the most solemn moment in my life. I know not if I will go to the end of my remarks. The District Attorney and the other gentlemen here who are used to measure all human emotions with the yardstick may not understand the tumult that is going on in my soul in this moment.

But my friends and my comrades before me, these gentlemen here who have been with me for the last seven or eight months, know exactly. If my words will fail before I reach the end of this short statement to you, it will be because of the superabundance of sentiments that are flooding my heart.

I speak to you not because I want to review this evidence at all. I feel that I have had, as the learned District Attorney said, one of the most prominent if not the most prominent attorney in this state to plead for my liberty and for my life. I shall not enter

into the evidence that has been offered here, as I feel that you, gentlemen of the jury, have by this time a firm and set conviction. By this time you ought to know, you ought to have realized whether I said or whether I did not say those words that have been put into my mouth by those two detectives.

You ought to know whether it is possible, not for a man like me but for any living human being to say those atrocious, those flagitious words that have been attributed to me. I say only this in regard to the evidence that has been introduced in this case, that if there is or ever has been murder in the heart of any man that is in this courtroom today, gentlemen of the jury, that man is not sitting in this cage. We had come to Lawrence, as my noble comrade—I call him a noble comrade—Mr. Ettor—said, because we were prompted by something higher and loftier than what the District Attorney or any other man in this presence here may understand and realize.

Were I not afraid that I was being somewhat sacrilegious, I would say that to go and investigate into the motives that

prompted and actuated us to go into Lawrence would be the same as to inquire, why did the Saviour, come on earth, or why, as my friend said, was Lloyd Garrison in this very Commonwealth, in the city of Boston, dragged through the streets with a rope around his neck? Why did all the other great men and masters of thought—why did they go to preach this new gospel of fraternity and brotherhood? It were well—it is well—to inquire into the acts of men.

It is just that truth should be ascertained. It is right that the criminal should be brought before the bar of justice, but one side alone of our story has been told here. As Mr. Peters said, one-half has never been told. They have brought you a pamphlet of the Industrial Workers of the World and the District Attorney has not dared to introduce more evidence against the Socialist movement, because he knew that here was a man that was capable of contending with him and answering him more than he had been capable of realizing at the beginning.

There has been brought only one side of this great industrial question, only the

method and only the tactics. But what about, I say, the ethical part of this question? What about the human and humane part of our ideas? What about the grand condition of tomorrow as we see it, and as we foretell it now to the workers at large, here in this same cage where the felon has sat, in this same cage where the drunkard, where the prostitute, where the hired assassin has been?

What about the ethical side of that? What about the better and nobler humanity where there shall be no more slaves, where no man will ever be obliged to go on strike in order to obtain fifty cents a week more, where children will not have to starve any more, where women no more will have to go and prostitute themselves—let me say, even if there are women in this courtroom here, because the truth must out at the end—where at last there will not be any more slaves, any more masters, but just one great family of friends and brothers.

It may be, gentlemen of the jury, that you do not believe in that. It may be that we are dreamers. It may be that we are fa-

natics, Mr. District Attorney. We are fanatics. But yet so was Socrates a fanatic, who instead of acknowledging the philosophy of the aristocrats of Athens, preferred to drink the poison. And so was Jesus Christ a fanatic, who instead of acknowledging that Pilate, or that Tiberius was emperor of Rome, and instead of acknowledging his submission to all the rulers of the time and all the priestcraft of the time, preferred the cross between two thieves.

And so were all the philosophers and all the dreamers and all the scholars of the Middle Ages, who preferred to be burned alive by one of these very same churches concerning which you reproach me now of having said that no one of our membership should belong to them. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you are judges. You must deal with facts. You must not deal with ideas.

Had not this last appeal to patriotism been injected in this case, had not the District Attorney appealed to you, knowing well your sentiments, in the name of all the feelings that are deep-rooted and sweet to the heart of man, in order to blind you to

the real issues in this case, I would not have spoken. I am very humble. I am very low in my own appreciation of myself. I have been in the background during this trial.

I have never talked to any American audience; I, the man from southern Italy, have not told them how they should run their business. I am not here now to tell you what the future of this country should be. I know this, though, that I come from a land which has been under the rod of oppression for thousands of years, oppressed by the autocracy of old, oppressed during the Middle Ages by all the nations of Europe, by all the vandals that often passed through it. And now Italy is oppressed, I may say, even by the present authority, as I am not a believer in kingship and monarchy. And I, gentlemen of the jury, since I was a little boy, have learned upon the knees of my mother and father to reverence with tears in my eyes the name of a republic. When I came to this country it was because I thought that really I was coming to a better and a freer land than my own. It was not exactly hunger that drove me out of my

house. My father had enough money saved and he had enough energy saved to go and give an education to my brothers. He could have done the same with me and I could now be a professional man down there.

But I thought I could visit the world and I desired coming here for that purpose. I have no grudge against this country. I have no grudge against the American flag. I have no grudge against your patriotism. But I want to say that your kind—or rather, I want to say something about the kind of patriotism that is instilled into your heads. I shall not pander, gentlemen of the jury, to your prejudice. I shall be straightforward and sincere as my friend has been, and even more so.

I ask the District Attorney, who speaks about the New England tradition, what he means by that—if he means the New England traditions of this same town where they used to burn the witches at the stake, or if he means the New England traditions of those men who refused to be any longer under the iron heel of the British aristocracy and dumped the tea into Boston Harbor and

fired the first musket that was announcing to the world for the first time that a new era had been established—that from then on no more kingcraft, no more monarchy, no more kingship would be allowed, but a new people, a new theory, a new principle, a new brotherhood would arise out of the ruin and the wreckage of the past.

You answer that, and if you believe that human progress is a thing that cannot be stopped and cannot be checked, if you believe that this gentleman here, for whom I have the highest respect and the highest admiration, for he has surely presented his case wonderfully and if I were allowed I would be glad even to shake hands with him—do not, gentlemen of the jury, believe that Mr. Attwill, standing in front of you with upraised hands, will check this mighty flow of this wonderful working class of the world—its myriads and myriads of men and women, the flower of the land, who are rushing forward towards this destined goal of ours.

He is not the one who is going to strangle this new Hercules of the world of industrial workers, or rather, the Industrial Workers

of the World, in its cradle. It is not your verdict that will stem, it is not your verdict that will put a dam before this mighty onrush of waves that go forward. It is not the little insignificant, cheap life of Arturo Giovannitti offered in holocaust to warm the hearts of the millionaire manufacturers of this town that is going to stop Socialism from being the next dominator of the earth. No. No.

If there was any violence in Lawrence it was not Joe Ettor's fault. It was not my fault. If you must go back to the origin of all the trouble, gentlemen of the jury, you will find that the origin and reason was the wage system. It was the infamous rule of domination of one man by another man. It was the same reason that forty years ago impelled your great martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, by an illegal act, to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation—a thing which was beyond his powers as the Constitution of the United States expressed before that time.

I say it is the same principle now, the principle that made a man at that time a

chattel slave, a soulless human being, a thing that could be bought and bartered and sold, and which now, having changed the term, makes the same man—but a white man—the slave of the machine.

They say you are free in this great and wonderful country. I say that politically you are, and my best compliments and congratulations for it. But I say you cannot be half free and half slave, and economically all the working class in the United States are as much slaves now as the negroes were forty and fifty years ago; because the man that owns the tool wherewith another man works, the man that owns the house where this man lives, the man that owns the factory where this man wants to go to work—that man owns and controls the bread that that man eats and therefore owns and controls his mind, his body, his heart and his soul.

Gentlemen, it may be that this argument is out of place. I am not a lawyer. I told you I was not going to discuss the evidence. It may be that the honorable Court would object to my speech, or rather my few re-

marks, on the ground that it is not referring to the evidence as given in here. But I say and I repeat, that we have been working in something that is dearer to us than our lives and our liberty. We have been working in what are our ideas, our ideals, our aspirations, our hopes—you may say our religion, gentlemen of the jury. You may understand why the American missionary, fired by the power of his religion, goes into darkest Africa amongst the cannibals. Mr. Attwill will tell you that that man goes there because he gets \$60 a month; \$100 a month. Mr. Attwill, with his commercial mind, will say that that man simply goes there on account of his salary or because he wants to collect money from the poor savages down there, so that the Catholic church in America or the Methodist church in America might have five cents a month for dues or ten cents a month for dues or twenty cents a month for dues. But I say that there is something greater and deeper than that, gentlemen, and you know and you realize it yourselves. But I say that I came here for another purpose than the one that he has intimated to

you as being the real one. I came here because I cannot suppress it. He says we cannot claim divine Providence. Well, I do not claim divine Providence. Neither do I think that the District Attorney can claim divine Providence when at the end of his speech he was actually afraid of telling you that you should convict us, that you should send us to the electric chair, that it was well and good that our voices should be strangled, that our hearts should cease to beat for the simple fact that a certain unknown person shot Anna Lo Pizzi, a striker in Lawrence.

He has not dared to say it in Lawrence; even he has not dared to tell you that we ought to be convicted. But I say, whether you want it or not, we are now the heralds of a new civilization. We have come here to proclaim a new truth. We are the apostles of a new evangel, of a new gospel, which is now at this very same moment being proclaimed and heralded from one side of the earth to the other.

Comrades of our same faith, while I am speaking in this case, are addressing a different crowd, a different forum, a different

audience in other parts of the world, in every known tongue, in every civilized language, in every dialect, in Russia as in Italy, in England as in France, in China as in South Africa—everywhere this message of Socialism, this message of brotherhood, this message of love, is being proclaimed in this same manner, gentlemen of the jury, and it is in the name of that that I want to speak and for nothing else.

After having heard what my comrade said and what I have said, do you believe for one single moment that we ever preached violence, that a man like me as I stand with my naked heart before you—and you know there is no lie in me at this moment, there is no deception in me at this moment—could kill a human being?

You know that I know not what I say, because it is only the onrush of what flows to my lips that I say. Gentlemen of the jury, you know that I am not a trained man in speaking to you, because it is the first time I speak in your language. Gentlemen, if you think that there has ever been a spark of malice in my heart, that I ever said others

should break heads and prowl around and look for blood, if you believe that I ever could have said such a thing, not only on the 29th of January, but since the first day I began to realize that I was living and conscious of my intellectual and moral powers, then send me to the chair, because it is right and it is just. Then send my comrade to the chair because it is right and it is just.

But I want to plead for another man. Whatever you do, for heaven's sake take the case of this man at heart (pointing at the defendant, Caruso). This man has been with me two months in this cage here, and I know every thought of his mind. Whatever you do to us, we are the responsible ones. Joe Ettor was the leader of that strike. I was aiding and abetting him in that strike. We alone are responsible.

If Anna Lo Pizzi has been killed and you think Anna Lo Pizzi has been killed through our influence, consider that we alone are responsible for it. Say that it is good that we ought to be convicted, regardless of who killed her, if we uttered those words. But consider this poor man and his wife, his

child; this man who does not know just now in this moment why he is here—who keeps on asking me, “Why didn’t they tell the truth? What have I done? Why am I here?” It may be I am appealing to your heart, not to your intelligence, but I am willing to take all the responsibility.

Gentlemen of the jury, I have finished. After this comes your verdict. I do not ask you to acquit us. It is not in my power to do so after my attorney has so nobly and ably pleaded for me. I say, though, that there are two ways open. If we are responsible, we are responsible in full. If what the District Attorney has said about us is true, then we ought to pay the extreme penalty. for if it is true it was a premeditated crime. If what he said is true, it means that we went to Lawrence specifically for that purpose and that for years and years we had been studying and maturing our thoughts along that line; then we expect from you a verdict of guilty.

But we do not expect you to soothe your conscience and at the same time to give a helping hand to the other side—simply to go

and reason and say, "Well, something has happened there and somebody is responsible; let us balance the scales and do half and half." No, gentlemen. We are young. I am twenty-nine years old—not quite, yet; I will be so two months from now. I have a woman that loves me and that I love. I have a mother and father that are waiting for me. I have an ideal that is dearer to me than can be expressed or understood. And life has so many allurements and it is so nice and so bright and so wonderful that I feel the passion of living in my heart and I do want to live.

I don't want to pose to you as a hero. I don't want to pose as a martyr. No, life is dearer to me than it is probably to a good many others. But I say this, that there is something dearer and nobler and holier and grander, something I could never come to terms with, and that is my conscience and that is my loyalty to my class and to my comrades who have come here in this room, and to the working class of the world, who have contributed with a splendid hand penny by penny to my defense and who have

all over the world seen that no injustice and no wrong was done to me.

Therefore, I say, weigh both sides and then judge. And if it be, gentlemen of the jury, that your judgment shall be such that this gate will be opened and we shall pass out of it and go back into the sunlit world, then let me assure you what you are doing. Let me tell you that the first strike that breaks again in this Commonwealth or any other place in America where the work and the help and the intelligence of Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti will be needed and necessary, there we shall go again regardless of any fear and of any threat.

We shall return again to our humble efforts, obscure, humble, unknown, misunderstood—soldiers of this mighty army of the working class of the world, which out of the shadows and the darkness of the past is striving towards the destined goal which is the emancipation of human kind, which is the establishment of love and brotherhood and justice for every man and every woman in this earth.

On the other hand, if your verdict shall be the contrary, if it be that we who are so worthless as to deserve neither the infamy nor the glory of the gallows—if it be that these hearts of ours must be stilled on the same death chair and by the same current of fire that has destroyed the life of the wife murderer and the parricide, then I say, gentlemen of the jury, that tomorrow we shall pass into a greater judgment, that tomorrow we shall go from your presence into a presence where history shall give its last word to us.

Whichever way you judge, gentlemen of the jury, I thank you.

The INTERPRETER: May it please the Court—Gentlemen of the Jury: Caruso says there is nothing else to say.

THE WALKER

By Arturo Giovannitti

Written in His Cell in Essex County Jail, Lawrence,
Mass.

I hear footsteps over my head all night.

They come and they go. Again they come and again
they go all night.

They come one eternity in four paces and they go one
eternity in four paces, and between the coming and
the going there is Silence and the Night and the
Infinite.

For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and end-
less is the march of him who walks between the
yellow brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking
things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked,
but that wander far away in the sunlit world, in
their wild pilgrimage after destined goals.

Throughout the restless night I hear the footsteps over
my head.

Who walks? I do not know. It is the phantom of the
jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the man, THE
WALKER.

One—two—three—four: four paces and the wall.

One—two—three—four: four paces and the iron gate.

He has measured the space; he has measured it accu-
rately, scrupulously, minutely, so many feet, so
many inches, so many fractions of an inch for each
of the four paces.

One—two—three—four. Each step sounds heavy and hollow over my head, and the echo of each step sounds hollow within my head as I count them in suspense and in fear that once, perhaps, in the endless walk, there may be five steps instead of four between the yellow brick wall and the red iron gate.

But he has measured the space so accurately, so scrupulously, so minutely, that nothing breaks the grave rhythm of the slow, fantastic march.

When all are asleep (and who knows but I when they all sleep?) three things are still awake in the night: the Walker, my heart, and the old clock which has the soul of a fiend, for never, since a coarse hand with red hair on its fingers swung the first time the pendulum in the jail, has the old clock tick-tocked a full hour of joy.

Yet the old clock which marks everything and records everything and to everything sounds the death knell, the wise old clock that knows everything, does not know the number of the footsteps of the Walker nor the throbs of my heart.

For neither for the Walker nor for my heart is there a second, a minute, an hour, or anything that is in the old clock; there is nothing but the night, the sleepless night, and footsteps that go, and footsteps that come, and the wild, tumultuous beatings that trail after them forever.

All the sounds of the living beings and inanimate things, and all the voices and all the noises of the night, I have heard in my wistful vigil.

I have heard the moans of him who bewails a thing that is dead and the sighs of him who tries to smother a thing that will not die;

I have heard the stifled sobs of the one who prays with his head under the coarse blanket and the whisperings of the one who prays with his forehead on the hard cold stone of the floor;

I have heard him who laughs the shrill, sinister laugh of folly at the horror rampant on the yellow wall and at the red eyes of the nightmare glaring through the iron bars;

I have heard in the sudden icy silence him who coughs a dry, ringing, metallic cough and wished madly that his throat would not rattle so and that he would not spit on the floor, for no sound was more atrocious than that of his sputum upon the floor;

I have heard him who swears fearsome oaths which I listen to in reverence and in awe, for they are holier than the virgin's prayer;

And I have heard, most terrible of all, the silence of two hundred brains all possessed by one single, relentless, unforgiving, desperate thought.

All this have I heard in the watchful night,
And the murmur of the wind beyond the walls,
And the tolls of a distant bell,
And the remotest echoes of the accursed city,
And the terrible beatings, wild beatings, mad beatings
of the one Heart which is nearest to my heart.
All this I have heard in the still night;
But nothing is louder, harder, drearier, mightier, more
awful, than the footsteps I hear over my head all
night.
Yet fearsome and terrible are all the footsteps of men
upon the earth, for they either descend or climb.
They descend from little mounds and high peaks and
lofty altitudes, through wide roads and narrow
paths, down noble marble stairs and creaky stairs
of wood, and some go down to the street, and
some go down to the cellar, and some down to the
pits of shame and infamy, and still some to the glory
of an unfathomable abyss where there is nothing
but the staring, white, stony eyeballs of Destiny.
And again other footsteps climb. They climb to life
and to love, to fame, to power, to vanity, to truth,
to glory, and to the gallows; to everything but
Freedom and the Ideal.
And they all climb the same roads and the same stairs
others go down; for never, since man began to
think how to overcome and overpass man, have other
roads and other stairs been found.

They descend and they climb, the fearful footsteps of men, and some drag, some speed, some trot, some run; the footsteps are quiet, slow, noisy, brisk, quick, feverish, mad, and most awful in their cadence to hear for the one who stands still.

But of all the footsteps of men that either descend or climb, no footsteps are as fearsome and terrible as those that go straight on the dead level of a prison floor from a yellow stone wall to a red iron gate.

* * *

All through the night he walks and he thinks. Is it more frightful because he walks and his footsteps sound hollow over my head, or because he thinks and does not speak?

But does he think? Why should he think? Do I think? I only hear the footsteps and count them. Four steps and the wall. Four steps and the gate. But beyond? Beyond? Where does he go beyond?

He does not go beyond. His thought breaks there on the iron gate. Perhaps it breaks like a wave of rage, perhaps like a sudden flow of hope, but it always returns to beat the wall like a billow of helplessness and despair.

He walks to and fro within the narrowness of this ever storming and furious thought. Only one thought, constant, fixed, immovable, sinister, without power and without voice.

A thought of madness, frenzy, agony, and despair, a hell-brewed thought, for it is a natural thought. All things natural are things impossible so long as there are jails in the world—bread, work, happiness, peace, love.

But he does not think of this. As he walks he thinks of the most superhuman, the most unattainable, the most impossible things in the world.

He thinks of a small brass key that turns half around and throws open the iron gate.

* * *

That is all that the Walker thinks, as he walks throughout the night.

And that is what two hundred minds drowned in the darkness and the silence of the night think and that is what I think.

Wonderful is the holy wisdom of the jail that makes all think the same thought. Marvelous is the providence of the law that equalizes all even in mind and sentiment. Fallen is the last barrier of privilege, the aristocracy of the intellect. The democracy of reason has levelled all the two hundred minds to the common surface of the same thought.

I, who have never killed, think like the murderer;

I, who have never stolen, reason like the thief;

I think, reason, wish, hope, doubt, wait like the hired assassin, the embezzler, the forger, the counterfeiter, the incestuous, the raper, the prostitute, the pimp, the drunkard,—I—I who used to think of love and life and the flowers and song and beauty and the ideal.

A little key, a little key as little as my finger, a little key of shiny brass.

All my ideas, my thoughts, my dreams, are congealed in a little key of shiny brass.

All my brains, all my soul, all the suddenly surging latent powers of my life are in the pocket of a white-haired man dressed in blue.

He is powerful, great, formidable, the man with the white hair, for he has in his pocket the mighty talisman which makes one man cry and the one man pray, and one laugh, and one walk, and all keep awake and think the same maddening thought.

Greater than all men is the man with the white hair and the little brass key, for no man in the world could compel two hundred men to think the same thought. Surely when the light breaks I shall write an ode, nay, a hymn, unto him, and shall hail him greater than Mohammed and Arbues and Torquemada and Mesner, and all the other masters of other men's thought. I shall call him Almighty, for he holds everything of all and of me in a little brass key in his pocket.

Everything of me he holds but the branding iron of contempt and the clamor of hatred for the most monstrous cabala that can make the apostle and the murderer, the poet and the procurer, think of the same key, the same gate and the same exit on the different sunlit highways of life.

* * *

My brother, do not walk any more.

It is wrong to walk on a grave. It is a sacrilege to walk four steps from the headstone to the foot and four steps from the foot to the headstone.

If you stop walking, my brother, this will be no longer a grave; for you will give me back my mind that is chained to your feet, and the right to think my own thoughts.

I implore you, my brother, for I am weary of the long vigil, weary of counting your steps and heavy with sleep.

Stop, rest, sleep, my brother, for the dawn is well nigh and it is not the key alone that can throw open the door.



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